Some Free Advertising.

Nov. 7, 1887.

DEAR BRO.:

It seems to me you people down there don't keep very well posted at least you do not give us the *important* church news. If you don't do better in the future we will have to censure you. Is it possible that a scheme to calonize the entire Dunkard fraternity in the "Pan Handle" of Texas could have escaped your notice! or do you fellows down there in "Ohio, Ind., Pa., and Ill.," design quietly packing your grips and stealing away to the "Pan Handle" without giving your Wisconsin twigs an invitation to go with you? For my part, the "Handle" has no fascinations for me. If you are going to move soul and body, root and branch, why don't you come to Northren Wis.? Its rescources are far superior to those of the Pan Handle of Texas, where nothing is raised but sage brush, cactus and jack rabbits, while up here we have timber without end and variety; lead, copper, iron and gold mines; embryotic and full grown cities; half dozen trunk lines of railroad; and a *virgin* moral field. If not too late I hope you will bring this suggestion to the notice of the fraternity. If they mean to be "fenced off" I can think of no better place to do it in than the Badger State of Wisconsin.

Herewith I enclose a clipping from a recent issue of the *Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution* which will likely interest and amuse you. If you can tell what originated this I should like to know.

Yours hastily,

T. C. HOLLENBERGER.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The proposed colonization of all the Dunkards of the United States in the "Panhandle" section of Texas is a big thing in its way. The colonists will be principally drawn from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, but some will probably be secured from North Carolina.

Originally the Dunkards were a peculiar society of Baptists in Germany. They came to this country about fifty years before the revolution, and have adhered steadfastly to their faith and primitive methods. In many respects they are like other Baptists. Their mode of baptism, however, is a little different. The person to be baptized has to kneel and be dipped head foremost. In the celebration of the Lord's supper feet-washing and the kiss of love are prominent features. The sick are anointed with oil. General redemption is believed in, although it is not an article of their faith. The Dunkards are remarkable for great plainness of dress and speech. They will not take an oath, fight or go to law, and it is only in recent years that they have consented to receive interest in their money transactions. Perhaps the entire sect numbers something like fifty or sixty thousand souls.

The honest simplicity of these people is worthy of the highest admiration. During our late war both governments respected their conscientious scruples. The federals exempted them from service and the confederates did likewise. A misprint in the confederate statute on the subject made it appear that "drunkards" were exempted, and there was great rejoicing among certain red-nosed citizens, but their satisfaction was short-lived.

During the confederate invasion of Pennsylvania one of our generals, who had impressed a Dunkard's horse, gave the man two broken down animals as some sort of a compensation. The next day the Dunkard carried one of the horses a long distance to the general's headquarters. He said that he had examined the confederate horses and had satisfied himself that with a little rest they would be as valuable as the animal that he had parted with. Feeling that it was not right to swap one horse for two under such circumstances he had decided to return one. The surprised general begged the old Dunkard to alter his determination but could not prevail upon him to accept the advantage growing out of the exchange.

Texas is to be congratulated upon securing a colony composed of such good people, and it is perhaps just as well that they should live by themselves, fenced off from the rest of the world. If they mingled much with mankind they would doubtless be robbed or cheated out of everything they possess.

Death of Rev. Grabill Myers.

On Saturday morning the Tribune announced the serious illness of Rev. Grabill Myers, of Eldorado, who was suddenly stricken down at Clover Creek near Martinsburg, whither he had gone to conduct a religious meeting. His illness, as his friends feared from the beginning, was unto death, and at 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning, at the residence of Rev. J. W. Brumbaugh, Clover Creek, this aged servant of God peacefully passed to his reward.

The name of Rev. Grabill Myers is a very familiar one in this county and indeed throughout the state. During his long life, 80 years lacking two months, he lived among the people without stain and without reproach, devoted to the service of humanity and of his divine Master. He was made a minister of the Gospel in the church of his choice, the Dunkard in 1839, and from that time until the day he was stricken down he was abundant in labors, faithful in service, embracing every opportunity to preach the Gospel of Christ to his fellow-men. This record of service, extending over a period of forty-eight years, is a heritage better than gold which may well be prized by his children.

Mr. Myers was the father of Henry W. Myers and Mrs. Elizabeth Eyer, of Tyrone, and Mrs. Caroline Maurer, G. L. Myers and John G. Myers of this city. While they mourn the loss of a father, they will find comfort in the reflection that after a long and useful life he has entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. The funeral will take place from the late residence of the deceased, at Eldorado, at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Interment in the Carson Valley Dunkard graveyard.

BRO. EDITOR: I send you the above clipping from the Altona, Pa., Tribune, Nov. 2. Bro. Grabill Myers was beloved by all who knew him. The writer of this was acquainted with him for nearly forty years. I remember him when he was in the prime of life. He did more evangelistic work than any preacher in the Dunkard church. Whilst his home for a long time was in the middle district of Pennsylvania, he preached all over the state whenever there were any isolated brothers. He traveled much. He could preach equally well in German or English. He was one of the first bishops and preachers of prominence that preached the Gospel alone doctrine and that stood up in defence of the young and progressive element in the Dunkard church. I was present when he pleaded for the young sisters; said he could see nothing wrong in their apparel. The charge was that they were not in the order, did not obey the prescribed fashion of the church. He called them forward to see for himself and let the old brethren see. Said he could see nothing wrong in the hat etc., on which the charges were based. In a few days after this council, charges were preferred against him for thus sympathizing with and taking the part of the young, and he had to make humble acknowledgment. He related this with tears, and greatly lamented the blind self-righteous zeal that animated the would be leaders in the church. Bro. Grabill was a representative of the best element in the Dunkard church. Was the particular friend of H. R. Holsinger and grandpa Price. The later also deceased. Bro. Grabill was a phenomenal devoted and consistent Christian, whose loss to his friends and the church will be irreparable. Those that knew him best loved him most. I trust that Bro. H. R. Holsinger who for a long time labored with Bro. Myers in the church will write a brography of Bro. Myers Christian character for the benefit of his numerous friends.

Fraternally,

U. M. BEACHLY.

"Yea Though I Walk Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I Will Fear no Evil."

No one who has not put on Christ by repentance, and being baptized in his name, can say with the Psalmist David, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." But he, who, having put on Christ, and follows in his footsteps: living up to all his precepts and examples, when, coming down upon the western side of life, he stands upon the banks of that lone river, and looks upon its cold chilling waves, the guardian angel of peace bears him safely over.

What a blessed thing it is to be ever ready; to be prepared to meet the death angel when he crosses the threshold to call us hence.

On the 22nd day of Aug. last my dear father—Joseph Bowman, of Harrisonburg, Va., departed this life after having suffered for six weeks with that slow but terrible disease known as typhoid fever. We watched by his bedside, waiting between hope and fear, ever praying that the Lord might restore him to his former health and bring him back to us. But the Lord doeth that which seemeth best unto him, and saw fit to call him away in the prime of life. His age being 50 years, 5 months and 18 days, as given by Bro. E. B. Shaver in the EVANGELIST, who conducted the funeral services.

It seemed hard to give him up, who was always kind to every one and ever ready to give counsel wherever needed. He was a kind and loving father, always ready to administer in time of need. How natural always to come to father for aid and advice. But the Lord has called him from us and we mourn not as those who have no hope. While the stroke is hard, it is a comfort to feel that he is now sleeping in Jesus, thus in the silent tomb resting from his labors, waiting for the trump to sound to call the blessed children home. No more sorrows, no more shadows, no more trouble, in this weary life for him. We cannot call him back, but soon will follow him.

A few more days of waiting, a few more waves of trouble; and then the sunshine of that glorious home. How often father would say while stricken with the burning fever, "What a happy meeting that will be when all the saints are gathered home." Affliction cometh in the night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Soon we shall walk the streets of that golden city where God and the Lamb are the light thereof." Having that full confidence in God's Word and the full assurance of his promises to all the faithful, he was perfectly resigned and willing to obey God's calling. Often saying, "The Lord's will is my will."

What a contrast between watching by the bedside of one who is resting safely in Jesus, and one out of Christ. How sad to see those whom we love laid away in the silent grave without a ray of hope. But when we have that full assurance that they are sleeping in Jesus, we feel that it would be wrong to wish them back again.

Father was devoted to his calling, that of keeping the flock together and teaching the people the way to God. Even to his dying day was anxious regarding the welfare of his church.

We ask the prayers of all God's people in this time of our bereavement, to help us to cheerfully bear up and have strength to walk in God's light.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have a right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city."

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil."

J. M. BOWMAN.

Nokesville, Va., Nov. 4, 1887.

Williams, Oregon.

EDITOR OF THE EVANGELIST:—Allow me to write a few lines to your paper, although not a subscriber myself, but my neighbors give me the pleasure of reading its contents. I must say it is a nice little visitor and is read here with good effect. The Brethren church is a new thing here and has but few members but think in time when it is better known it will rapidly increase in number. Rev. Wm. Pullen formerly of Williams Creek, came up from the Coquell, spending a week with us, preaching three excellent sermons. The church house was crowded with eager listeners who were all glad to welcome Bro. Pullen once more. On Sunday Oct. 23rd we received four members in the church. Two souls were baptized with Christ to walk in the newness of life. May the Lord enable them to ever prove faithful and at last gain a home in heaven.

MRS. F. STACKPOLE.

It is worthy of notice that Christ, when referred to God as his Father, never says "our Father," but always "my Father," or "the Father." This implies a relationship between him and God the Father, not common to him and other beings. He is the Son of God, and God is his Father, in a sense true of no other being.